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THE LEHIGH BURR.

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EDITORIAL.

THE BURR gives greeting to its readers and makes its bow at the beginning of this year in a new form, newly-dressed, and with a strong determination to serve the student body, in its new shape, to the utmost of its capacity.

The reader will note that the pages of reading matter have been increased by half the number formerly filled, and we hope that the new cuts of headings will be accepted with favor. They are the work of Mr. D. W. Wilson, Jr., of the Class of 'Ninety-six, and the Board of Editors have accepted them as very tasteful bits of work.

It is with a highly gratifying and pardonable sense of pride that the present Board looks back upon the record of THE BURR in past years. What it has been and what it has done, the influence it has wielded and the impression it has made, are things which inspire us with resolution. We are thus exhorted to make its future the proper sequel of its past. That it may be at the same time an ornament and a power is our constant endeavor and in the year that is now upon us we shall never lose sight of the fact that in hard and earnest work lies the secret of the success of all that we hope to do.

THE Electrical Engineering Society is to be congratulated that it is to have a lecture from so eminent an electrician as

Mr. A. E. Kennelly. Mr. Kennelly visited the University last winter and delivered a lecture before the Electrical Engineering Society, which was enjoyed by all who heard it. We hope that Mr. Kennelly will have a large, appreciative audience at his coming lecture.

THE Glee and Banjo Clubs deserve the hearty and earnest support of the student-body in the concert which they are to give on the second of February. The clubs have taken large and expensive trips during the last term and during the holidays, and the poor support with which they were met at several places have placed them in a financial embarrassment, from which they are now starting upon an earnest endeavor to relieve themselves. Let every man among us who feels that he honestly has the interest and welfare of his *Alma Mater* and fellow students at heart, perform the simplest and easiest of duties and support the clubs on this date. Let the occasion be one for the display of college spirit. There are no organizations in the University which do more to bring the name of Lehigh before the world at large than do the Glee and Banjo Clubs, and as our representatives they deserve our loyal and substantial support.

WITH the change in the issue of THE BURR we trust that there will be a revival of interest amongst our contributors.

THE BURR is by no means extraordinary, and there are many men in college who, if they are not able now, could readily fit themselves for positions on the Board by a little practice. By the first of April the present Senior members will retire, and one Junior, two Sophomores, and two Freshmen will be elected to succeed them. These men will be chosen from work handed in for competition, quality and quantity both being considered.

The contributions may be on any topic of general interest. Short and pointed verse is always welcome, for our supply continually needs to be replenished; Gossip notes make enjoyable reading; a bright, short story is a rare gem; communications or good articles on substantial subjects are always acceptable.

These words are addressed especially to Freshmen; for in trying for the Board the first year, one derives an invaluable benefit. Juniors and Sophomores have for their consolation the old saying "better late than never." THE BURR box is very commodious, its waste-paper basket is large and only half full, and its editorial heart is big and tender. Therefore let no one fear to present manuscripts, whether he thinks them really worth presenting or not, and let no one feel hurt if an article remains unpublished, for we shall hope for such a wealth of material to select from that the most difficult part of our work will be to regulate the survival of the fittest.

LAST year a series of lectures were delivered to the undergraduates under the auspices of the Christian Association of the University. The lectures were very poorly attended, and were suddenly discontinued. It is most disheartening to a lecturer who, after accepting an invitation to appear before the undergraduates of the University, and who goes to a great deal of trouble in preparing his discourse, to be greeted on his appearance by an audience of very small proportions. Now, we understand that a series of lectures, to be delivered before the undergraduates, has

been arranged by the Faculty, and that, in order to have a good sized audience greet the speaker, the Faculty will compel the student-body to attend under a penalty of absences for non-attendance. If things have come to this state of affairs it is a most deplorable condition. The student-body should attend these lectures of their own accord, and should not have to be made to go under a galling fine of absences in case of non-attendance. The student-body should feel that it is their duty to attend these lectures. They are especially interesting and instructive, and are an essential part of a broad education. We believe that if the undergraduate-body will reflect a little on the above that the Faculty will not have need of enforcing the rule of compulsory attendance.

ANOTHER year has rolled by, another page of life turned over. Like a rejected manuscript we lay it aside full of mistakes and errors, and we are glad to take up a new pen and clean paper to rewrite it once more. Retrospection reveals only too plainly what might have been different. But life is too short and too busy with future plans to allow us to dwell long and lingeringly upon the past. We can profit by its experience; but we go on with the next. Hope ever springs eternal. So with renewed will and energy, and with many good resolutions, we enter the present year with the universal desire to do better.

But the page is not blotted out of life entirely; it is simply turned down. We say, let the past be forgotten; but it cannot be entirely put into oblivion, for the joyful and sorrowful events spring naturally to our mind. We look back upon what we have thought and said and done with satisfaction or regret. Our hours have been well spent or wasted. Our work has been faithful, our actions honorable, our words sincere, our thoughts pure, our influence good. Or we must painfully remember much in all these domains which we gladly would

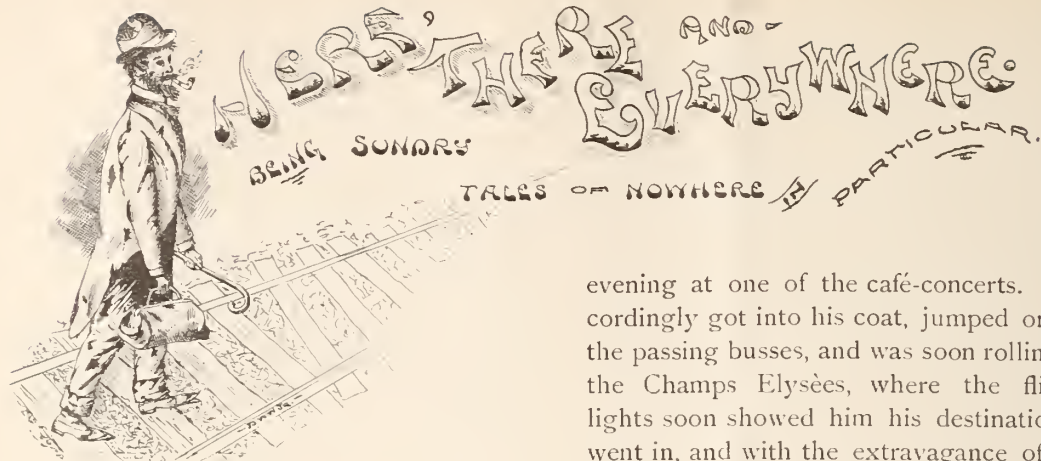
have had different. The events themselves have passed away, and others take their places; but that which comes from within us and has been given out to the world is not only a benefit or an injury to others, but is also a factor in our own characters, developing either good or evil elements, the effects of which never pass away.

After all, it is not the pleasure of self praise or the suffering of self-blame which is the end to be reached, but improvement in the future. If we are growing intellectually and morally, we shall always be in advance of the past.

The fact that we know better and do better than we did in the past is an encouraging token of moral progress, not a source of lamentation. Thus, looking back upon the old years, we may gather fresh courage for the present in the hope that whatever joy it may bring us in the future will be in consequence of the lessons we take from the past. And when another year shall roll around, it will bring not regret and disappointments, but a permanent happiness that comes to him only who has done well.

A LONELY REVERIE.

ONE summer's eve, hard by the ocean's roar,
 A man sat musing on a rock-bound shore.
 The sun was slowly sinking in the west,
 And Nature seemed asleep, thus at its best,
 If Nature may be likened to a man.
 While thus inspired, his reverie began
 By thoughts of Nature, wooed by ebb and flow
 Of ceaseless billows on the rocks below.
 But, as the sun sank lower in the west,
 His thoughts sped with it, and within his breast
 His heart beat faster, as he thought of her,
 Whose words of love his sweetest memory were.
 Long years had passed since he had seen her face,
 But still her features kept their wonted place
 Within his heart and by their loveliness
 Made bright his weary days of hopelessness.
 He thought of all the happy times that they
 Had spent together in youth's happy day.
 Again they plucked wild flowers side by side.
 Again he wooed her for his youthful bride.
 Once more they lived in love as long before.
 He felt her near, and ever loving more
 Each sweet expression, "every nameless grace
 That told how pure, how dear the dwelling place."
 And while these memories cheered his heart again,
 The vision of her grave arose in pain.
 He rose and from him came a suffering cry.
 From cliff and sea grief called on him to die.
 Such moments weaken, some wills grow in might.
 He turned, and homeward speeding, met the night.



BUT INTOXICATION.

BOB SMITH pulled his chair to the window, lit his pipe, and proceeded to look on the world as seen from his window. Bob had a serious problem to solve, many had tried to find its solution before, and many had failed. Bob considered this his last night in Paris and had come to his room to pack, intending to leave by an early train in the morning, and as the time drew near he felt more and more reluctant to leave. He realized that he had seen only the merry face that Paris turns towards strangers; the face that covers as a mask the hard features, the deep cut lines that misery, distrust, and oftentimes oppression have cut. He was like a spectator who sees the painted smile of the jester and knows not of his heart's sorrow, or the artificial bloom of the cantatrice that death has marked for his own. He had seen the show places, but he had not seen Paris, which like a pot, boils and simmers to itself for a long time, then at last boils over to the astonishment of every one. He wished to see the inner life, yet how could he? He had drawn his last franc and could hope for no money from home. Finally he got up with the problem still unsolved, and went to work.

While finishing, he decided to spend the

evening at one of the café-concerts. He accordingly got into his coat, jumped on one of the passing busses, and was soon rolling along the Champs Elysées, where the flickering lights soon showed him his destination. He went in, and with the extravagance of a man on his last cent, took a three-franc place. The performance was the usual common-place kind, and Bob paid little attention to it, preferring to watch the people. Suddenly shouts and cries of "Foulere!" "Foulere!" brought his attention back to it. The bills announced that "Mademoiselle Eugenie Foulere, chanteuse eccentricque," would appear next. The music started briskly, and Mlle. Foulere tripped forth, dressed in a pink costume, with an abbreviated skirt, and topped off by an enormous bonnet of the class our grandmothers called poke. As far as he could discover, Mlle. Foulere's popularity consisted in singing an inane song in a decidedly suggestive manner, punctuating it now and then with gestures of much the same character. Her voice was shrill and loud, with no beauty to it. However, it was the woman herself that attracted Bob, he found himself watching every motion with fixed intensity, and was only brought to himself by the falling of a glass at his side, which he knocked off in his stupefaction. Another minute and she was gone, and Bob found himself applauding wildly, but in vain. The performance ended, and Bob went home, but the "Foulere!" "Foulere!" of the crowd, and the woman herself staid with him.

Bob's eyes chanced to fall on his banjo case just as he was crawling into bed, and it sent his thoughts in a new direction. He had brought his banjo to pass the time on ship-

board, and it might prove his salvation now. During his college career he had belonged to the dramatic association, his specialty being a sort of negro pantomime, broken now and then by a song and banjo playing. Why not see how the French public would take a performance of that kind, it would have the advantage of being a novelty.

The next morning he returned to the scene of his evening's entertainment, and hunted up the manager, who was also the proprietor, and stated his proposition. The manager took him back to the stage. It was a curious, dreary place, looking strangely unlike the scene of last night's glitter. The stage had no flies, and was backed with mirrors, the sides were of the same. Here and there the silver on the backs had been scratched off. In the dim daylight, all these defects were very apparent. They found a woman singing as they came through the doorway at the side, and as the manager introduced him, Bob recognized Mlle. Foulere of the night before. She looked curiously at him, and then turning, asked the manager whether he was a new artist, then without waiting for an answer went on with her song. Bob watched her as she walked backward and forward, sometimes repeating parts, sometimes stopping to speak to the musician. This was the woman who so troubled his dreams. She also seemed changed. Her face had a coarse sort of a beauty. The eyes, however, made up for all, large and dark, and they snapped and sparkled as she sang, lighting the whole face, they drew your attention and held it, insomuch that you forgot to decide whether the other features were what they should have been. Presently she stopped, and Bob was called on to do his turn. He went through it and was promptly engaged, and as he went down the street on his way back he thought to himself that he was in a fair way to see the inner life of Paris.

That night after corking up, stepping out on the stage, he looked longingly around for something to prevent what he believed would be a

total failure. In a corner were a party of people, evidently Americans, and he thought to himself that possibly they would be homesick enough to applaud. He quickly finished the pantomime part and started to sing his song. As he finished there was silence, and then loud and uproarious applause from the American corner. It gradually ran over the house until the whole audience seemed a mass of moving hands. Bob's initial bow to the Parisian public had been a success.

That night he found out more about the Foulere. She had been, as her voice indicated, a street gamin. Left to herself, she had drifted into the position of dresser for some of the more celebrated actresses, from there it is but a step to the stage itself. Strange to say, in all this wild life, stranger still, considering the nature of her songs, no one had ventured even to suggest things of her that should not be.

Day after day passed, and Bob felt himself drifting, slowly but surely. The more he saw of her the stronger he felt her fascination. Away from her he tried to analyze it. He could not. She was coarse at times; her grammar even he recognized as faulty. Finally he put it down to that indescribable something that some women possess. Away from them you can discover no charm, and yet, just as surely, you return to them. Bob found that she lived at a sort of a hotel just off the Rue de Rivoli. Bob moved there. He told himself that he did so because it was nearer to his work. We have all told ourselves the same thing. Stronger and stronger grew his liking for her. At first he used to fight against it, telling himself that it meant death to all his hopes, death to everything. Now he began to question, and he who questions is lost.

One day he came into the living room of the hotel and found her sitting there alone, and Bob sat down to have a little chat. As he sat there the feeling came over him, why not end it all. He felt he could not live without her. After all, it is only the first plunge that is cold, and before he knew he was telling

her that he loved her, and a lot more tommyrot, and ended by asking her to marry him. Her face lighted up at first and then became set, and after Bob had finished she sat quite still for a minute, then told him that such things could never be; that he was of another class; that he must go back across the ocean to America and forget; that the day would come when he would wonder at himself and thank his lucky star that she did not love him. Then she got up and hurried from the room. If Bob had not been half stunned he would have heard a stifled sob, and a half murmured *le bon Dieu me secourt*; perhaps would have even seen a few tears drop as she hurried through the doorway.

How Bob got through his performance that night he never knew, but the next day saw him on his way to Liverpool.

There are certain times in a man's life when he hates to stare hard, cold facts in the face. He dislikes to debate the pro's and con's of a question. We have all felt this and, like cowards, we fear to meet our trouble and flee from it—put it out of our minds until the time comes when we must decide. Bob, in his long, nightly walks on the deck of the homeward-bound steamer, fought his battle. The refusal had numbed him at first, and with the instinct of a stricken beast he had fled for home. Suddenly he began to see things in their normal light and to realize that it could never be.

As the boat swung into the dock in New York he stood on the deck inhaling great breaths of air, his feeling found tongue in a fervent "Thank God! she did not love me."

DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

SLY Cupid tried my heart to pierce
With two bright fiery eyes of black,
But they indeed were much too fierce.
So then he took another tack.

He sent two lovely eyes of blue,
Dark rimmed, like wood encircled lakes.
My stubborn heart no Waterloo
Would own. Then wily Cupid makes

A form as graceful as a deer,
A brow with brown and wavy curls,
In each brown eye a trembling tear.
I yield. I own the queen of girls. T.

A REMINISCENCE.

WHEN I was at home during the Christmas holidays, I met an old Lehigh man. I do not remember his class, but I was glad to find that, although he graduated quite a while ago, he still bore a great love for his *Alma Mater*, undiminished by the years that have passed since his college days.

It was a delightful thing to hear him tell of his life here at Lehigh, and his anecdotes and stories of men and things a generation ahead,

were interesting in the extreme. His tone, however, was a regretful one and of a character which implied that such "good times" could never come again.

I believe that it must be the tendency of every age to underate its own. And there is no doubt that it is owing to the first impressions of those who step from a life of comparative freedom from real care into the hard and earnest battle of the world. When men put aside

their youth and particularly when they may be fortunate to leave with it the binding charms of a college career, the serious aspect of real life, coming suddenly, is almost too great a change to bear without an equal if not greater change in disposition towards a sober and somewhat pessimistic spirit. But yet it is "all in your eye," to use the vernacular. Men may sit down now and bemoan and deplore, one with another, the inferiority of the present day and of all that belongs to it, saying that there never can again be men and things such as have gone before. But yet when we too are gone the generation coming after us will just as solemnly condemn themselves and declare that "there were giants in the land in those days," meaning us.

It was at a dance that I met my reminiscent friend. We were sitting together smoking and discussing the foot ball season just past. When we had satisfied ourselves with that subject and with the relative standing of the various teams, he remarked:

"So you think Lehigh had quite a good team last fall?"

"Yes," I replied. "Everything considered, I think the team did splendidly."

"Yes," he said, absent-mindedly, and I could see that he was recalling something to his mind. "I never think of foot-ball and Lehigh," he went on, "but I am reminded of a little scene that took place by the side of the field at a game when I was in college. There was a friend of mine who went there then. We were in the same class and were fraternity brothers. He was a very popular fellow, which was not surprising, for he was the sort of a man every one likes. I suppose there may be fellows like that up there now, but they couldn't be like him. You should know him. He — but that's neither here nor there, he was a blamed nice fellow, that's all there is to it. During his whole course he had been in love with a girl who lived up there. I won't get started describing her, for I would never stop. I was

in love with her myself, I frankly acknowledge. Almost every one was, in fact."

I waited for him to "come back," which he presently did after having indulged in some "far away" reveries.

"Yes, as I was saying," he went on, "she lead us all a pretty chase, and kept us guessing who was the one she cared for most. I always thought myself that it was the man I have mentioned. I often told him so, but he wouldn't believe it, and he had not the courage to find out for himself. And I believe he never would have found it out if he hadn't had it thrust upon him by accident. And this is how it happened. It was at a foot-ball game, as I said before. She was there in a carriage, which was up behind the bleachers, where you put them now, I guess. He was there too, in the crowd below. The teams had come out, and as the game was going to be an interesting one there was some little betting. I think — was our opponent. There was one man among the visitors who was very badly 'jagged.' He had a great deal more than he could carry, and he went about in a loud-voiced way offering foolish bets, making insulting remarks and using pretty bad language. The crowd of fellows guyed and hissed him, but it merely made him worse. At last the hero of my story quietly went up to this blusterer and took him by the arm. There were ears and eyes near by that he did not wish to hear and see the misbehavior of this fool. He firmly led the fellow from the crowd, and the latter, in surprise, for the moment offered no resistance. Everybody's attention was just at this moment attracted to the field, as the referee's whistle had just blown for the teams to line up. I say everybody's attention, but I should have said all eyes were fixed on the players with the exception of one pair, and that was a pair of blue eyes which followed my friend and his captive.

"They had stopped upon the edge of the crowd, and my friend said some very serious words to the drunken sport, and then turned

his back upon him. Just then the low-lived rascal raised his heavy cane, and aimed a blow at the other's head. No one saw it but her. What was she to do? There was only one thing to do to save him, and she did it.

"Oh! Tom! *dear* Tom, look out!" she cried, in a voice which sweetly trembled with fright and embarrassment. And then she sank back upon her seat in the carriage and covered her face with her hands.

"He heard her voice. The cry had not been very loud, but I guess he could have heard *that* voice anywhere and in any tumult. He heard her and jumped aside to avoid the blow, and I never saw such a look of happiness on the face of anyone as there was on his. She could not have told him more plainly that she loved him than she did right there in the presence of five hundred people, and yet no one heard it at all but her and him and myself, for it all happened so quickly, and in a moment when all interest was centered elsewhere."

"How did you happen to see all this?" I asked, when he had again become lost in thought.

"I? Why I took her to the game, and was in the carriage with her, and knew and realized the whole thing only when I heard her call to him. They were engaged soon afterwards; in fact that night, but it was not announced until after he had graduated. I was the first to congratulate them, for they could not hide it from me. They are married now. I was best man."

"A very pretty story," I said. "I have this next dance engaged, so good-bye. I am glad I met you. Come up to Bethlehem and see the old place some time, and be sure to call on me."

"Thank you," he replied, "I would like to come very much, and will probably. I may be able to come in the spring, sometime or other, if you have a good base-ball team."

FROM DR. COPPÉE'S PEN.

THE literature sent out from the University but rarely finds an entrance into anything but strictly technical publications. For this reason the bits that belong distinctively to the field of *belles lettres*, encountered only at wide intervals, are as welcome as cooling streams in the heart of an arid desert. The University will be interested in reading the following introduction which Dr. Coppée has written for Beverley E. Warner's "English History in Shakespeare's Plays," which has just been published by Longman, Green & Co.:

"While men have always acted with an unconscious regard to philosophy, which in its simplest meaning is the interlinking of cause and effect, the application of philosophical principles to science and literature has been of slow growth and of modern presentation. Thus, Bacon's induction was but the putting

into practice of what the world had been doing, without system and with great loss of result, since the genesis of the race. Philosophical history came into vogue in the eighteenth century, and replaced, or rather utilized, the chronicle history which existed before. Among chronicle histories, not however without philosophic consideration, must be classed Shakespeare's historical dramas. Designedly historical in most part, but, besides, to a great extent, unconsciously so, they describe events and portray personages as they really existed in English story, and the poet so endues them with the spirit of the time in which they flourished, that we really see our forefathers 'in their habit as they lived,' as they were and acted in that earlier day.

"The late Henry Reed, a Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, in his lectures on

'English History as Illustrated by Shakespeare's Chronicle Plays,' made a beginning of that sort of investigation. His work, however, was not what it would have been had he lived to cast it himself in book form. His lectures, designed for the rostrum, were collected and published after his death, by his brother.

"Among those who, in the later period, have worked upon the principle that history finds its exponent and interpreter in literature, and especially in dramatic literature, is the brilliant Frenchman, H. A. Taine, whose work on English literature surprised the world thirty years ago (1864) by its clear and incisive investigation of the claims of English authors as historically representing the age in which they lived. He did, indeed, fail in many of his presentations, because, as a foreigner, he could not interpret the meaning of an author as it appealed to English and American minds; but his work was a great step forward and in the right direction. It presented new methods of literary study.

"Mr. Warner, in this book, has accomplished

a similar task. He has well extracted the historical teachings from the English dramas of Shakespeare. While presenting the fine creations of character in which the great dramatist stands preëminent, he has portrayed the features of human philosophy with which the plays abound, and has clearly shown that the poetic license which permits anachronisms and mis-statements of actual fact does not in the least detract from the truly magnificent pageant.

"The book will be of interest to all who love English literature, to all who admire Shakespeare, and may be used as a text in schools and colleges, to set before the young mind the new and proper method of study in English literature. Mr. Warner's scholarly analysis of the subject, his felicity of illustration, and the adaptation of the work in style and diction to the needs of students, should make it a favorite book in literary classes. It is a great pleasure to me, as a reader of Shakespeare and a Professor of English Literature, to extend my hearty greeting to the volume."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOW that the foot-ball season is past and over, college editors have the time to give more attention to college verse, and as a result some very good work is being produced. The best college verse is of course found in the monthly college publications. The editors of these magazines have a longer time at their disposal and many of their inspirations are excellent. Such monthlies as the *Princeton Literary Magazine*, the *Amherst Literary*, the *Harvard Monthly*, etc., generally contain excellent verse, and it is not seldom that their work receives commendation from professional critics. The semi-monthlies and weeklies also produce good verse, but not of so high a standard as those mentioned above. The *Brunonian* and the *Yale Courant*, the first of which

is a weekly and the latter a bi-weekly, always furnish work for the exchange editor's scissors.

From the *Princeton Lit.* we clip the following as a sample of verse given by that magazine:

BEFORE DAWN.

In dreams, the other night, I sought the cave
Where the dear daughters of the Nymphæ dwell.
A fountain twinkled near the sacred cell,
'Round which they gathered merrily to lave
Their lithe limbs in the cooling, foamy wave.
Which stole thence through fair fields of asphodel
To seek the sea. As I drew nigh, there fell
A silence o'er their mirth. I did but crave
Of that sweet stream a dozen priceless sips
To cool the fever of my soul. One brought
A beaker, bade me drink, and then begone.
E'er I could raise it to my eager lips,
A fairer maid than all, approaching, caught
And dashed it from me. Lo! it was the Dawn.

From the *Amherst Lit.* is taken the following verse, entitled "Song." In this magazine is to be found verse of exceptional quality:

SONG.

My little lady's white and fair,
 Purer than the lilies, sweeter than wine.
 Ah, but her love is dearer than heaven!
 Heaven enough is to know she is mine.
 My little lady's lips are roses,
 Her eyes twin lakes of tremulous blue;
 Her filmy hair is a mist of morning,
 With flashes of sunrise filtering through.
 My little lady's smile is rarer
 Softer than tranced twilight skies;
 All my heart goes out to her singing,
 When she comes close and looks into my eyes.
 My little lady's heart is constant,
 Truer than needle to pole is she.
 Time may go flying while others are sighing—
 Heaven is mine—for she loves but me.

For comic, catchy verse the exchange editors turn to such papers as the *Princeton Tiger*, the *Univ. of Michigan Wrinkle*, and the *Cornell Widow* (a new paper just started at that University), which are devoted to the comic side of college life. In these are to be found verse of all conditions. Two specimens are given:

A FALSE CREATURE.

False are her loving eyes of blue,
 False are her eyes so fair,
 And false—more false by far than both—
 Is her sunny golden hair.—*Princeton Tiger*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The Editors are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column. No anonymous articles published.]

EDITORS LEHIGH BURR:—The project of fitting up a room in one of the old buildings vacated by the department of physics and of devoting it to the use of the students is a good one. It deserves the substantial support of every undergraduate, but yet those who are managing the affair and soliciting subscriptions must not be surprised should they meet a not too enthusiastic response from those upon whom they call for support. Nor should they be discouraged at first by such a reception of their proposition. When a man goes down into his pocket to find his contribution for an object, he naturally wants to know

I shot an arrow in the air,
 It fell to earth, I know not where.
 But shortly after a man came round,
 And I bought a dead dog at a dollar a pound.
Cornell Widow.

From the *Yale Courant* and *Trinity Tablet* the Table publishes "Where Cupid Dwells" and "A Senior's Plea," both of which are of merit, according to their respective classes:

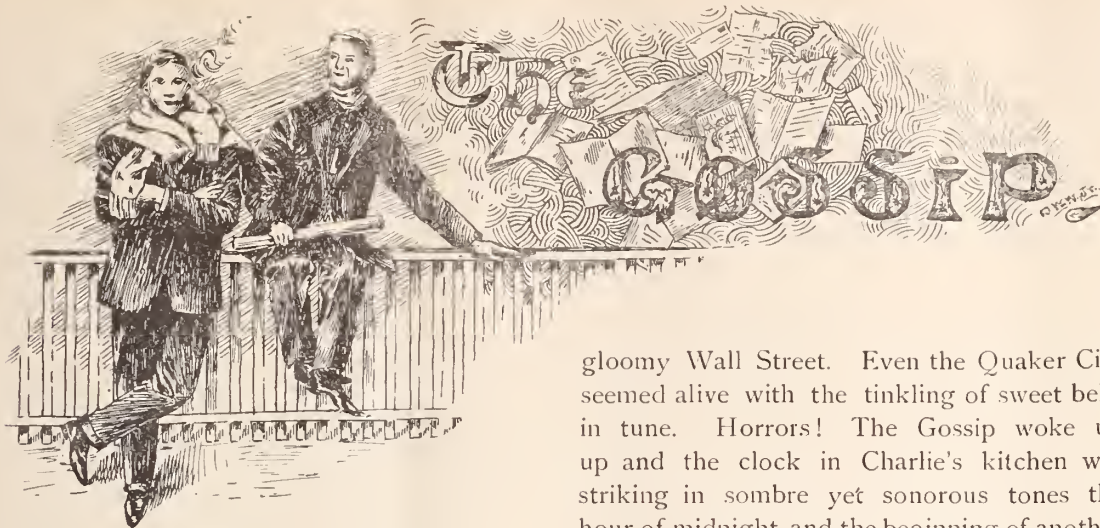
WHERE CUPID DWELLS.

Way over the seas, in a far, far land,
 Where skies are blue and gold,
 Where ripples break on a silver sand,
 And sunbeams ne'er grow old,
 There's a dale where Cupid dwells, they say,
 And 'tis there that he rests from his frolic play.
 Oh! there's many a lass and many a swain
 That knows of his shafts made there;
 For Cupid spares naught of a deep heart-pain,
 Though love be all his care.
 And I think he should make a reflection or two,
 When he rests over there from his play. Don't you?
 —*Yale Courant.*

A SENIOR'S PLEA.

Dear father, once you said, "My son,
 To manhood you have grown;
 Make others trust you, trust yourself,
 And learn to stand alone."
 Now, father, soon I graduate.
 And those who long have shown
 How well they trust me, want their cash,
 And I can stand a loan.—*Trinity Tablet.*

all about what his money is to be spent for. To be sure the committee have announced in general the plan of the project and have pointed out its advantages and the pleasures of the institution of such an affair, but many who are expected to be subscribers will want to know more than this. Are we to be allowed to smoke in this room? And to eat lunches there? What are to be the hours during which it will be open? Will they extend during the evening? Many other such questions have also occurred to those to whom the project is news and it might be well if such things be decided upon before subscriptions are commenced, for the answer to any one of these queries may mean dollars to the fund, one way or the other.
 THE INQUIRER.



THERE is something ineffably sad about New Year's Eve. Why should there be? Why should one so dread to launch forth in a new year and more particularly hate to part with his old self, that poor bruised and battered affair that has borne the brunt of twelve months hard wear and tear.

Even poor old Gossip with his sweet temperament and spotless record went through a few of these emotions on New Year's Eve. In trying to cut aloof from such ghoulish thoughts he began to wonder whether this year's pitcher will wear his glass arm during the Lafayette series, and before he knew it he found himself in New York, being carried down the Bowery toward Broadway. The crowd about hooted like Bedoins as further on its course it went. Down Broadway to Trinity Church and Wall Street, Old Nick himself seemed to be cavorting about. Horns, rosin boxes, kazoos, every thing capable of making sound was brought into service of making the welcome for young '95 more hearty. Over in Philadelphia the "socials" were out in force, and the streets were patrolled by mobs of queerly dressed individuals. "Prosit Neu Yahr" was on every lip, and a general air of good fellowship prevailed. Just then the chimes on Trinity's lofty steeple began to ring out and echo down

gloomy Wall Street. Even the Quaker City seemed alive with the tinkling of sweet bells in tune. Horrors! The Gossip woke up and the clock in Charlie's kitchen was striking in sombre yet sonorous tones the hour of midnight, and the beginning of another year. The Frankfurters and kraut were cold, and Frau Rennig sat knitting in the corner. The Gossip offers this as a bit of the poetry of spending the Christmas recess within gunshot of the Campus.

* * *

When Dr. Parkhurst and Dick Croker visit The Gossip during Commencement week, the latter will have something new to show his distinguished visitors. This is, of course, if the guests come, and if the current rumor as to the something new proves correct. For a long time it has been noised about within the walls that certain of the trades-people of the city had memorialized the Faculty on the evils of granting a diploma to a student who owes them (the trades-people, of course) a copper, otherwise known as a red cent. The case of the People vs. "Schtudents," so the rumor goes, was argued with a profound knowledge of the facts some time since by a young barrister who glories in the good old Bethlehem name of Pfeiffenschneider. He has always been looked upon as somewhat of a spellbinder by the natives, and so had no difficulty in holding the rapt attention of his audience from start to finish, from his opening sentence, "De qualidy of mercy ist nicht strained," to his closing one, "You gif dot up? vell so do I," and as the last

burning words had fallen from his lips a motion to appoint a committee to investigate was made and before the speaker had mopped the large bead of perspiration from his brow the bill has gone through in a blaze of linguistic Chinese lanterns, redlights, rockets and dynamite bombs.

The result of that investigation is the "something new." It seems that there is a custom at the English Universities bearing on this point. Over there on the day before the granting of degrees, the dean of the university, clothed with all the hoods, cassocks, surplices, etc., that the dignity of his position demand, walks thrice up and down the aisles of the college chapel. If during the progress of this walk his toga is pulled by anyone, this same pulling is a notification that the puller has bills against the candidates for degrees, and by virtue of the toga having been pulled, these

same bills must be paid before the granting of a degree. It is the introduction of this custom with some few modifications into the Lehigh Commencement week that makes the ground work of the rumor. The ceremony will take place in the Chapel on Monday at high noon. Choice seats along the aisles will be reserved for BURR advertisers until 11.55 A.M. All others will have to go early or stand the chance of having to take inside seats. The guardian spirit of the skating rink will have emisaries stationed at each entrance, and expects to get in three pulls, as he understands three pulls do not cost anymore than one, and ensure a larger factor of safety.

Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by the soothsayers, saying: "In Bethlehem there was a voice heard, lamentations, and weeping, and great mourning."



—Columbia boasts eighteen college publications.

—There are four universities in the city of Chicago.

A professorship in piano and organ has just been inaugurated at Yale.

—There is to be a new library for Columbia College which is to cost \$750,000.

—A relay race will take place on Feb. 9th between representatives of Harvard and Univ. of Pennsylvania.

—Harvard has in its libraries a picture of every graduate since 1752. The total number is about 26,000.

—Harvard's lacrosse practice began lately. The candidates will practice three times a week.

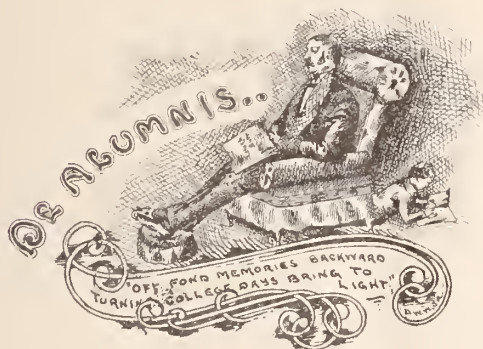
—The University of Chicago won one game and lost one in the two games with Leland Stanford University during the holidays.

—It cost the management of the Yale football team of '94 \$266 a day while practice was going on.

—The Army and Navy departments have issued orders, prohibiting the playing of football at West Point and Annapolis.

—Columbia College has adopted a constitution similar to that used by Yale and Princeton to govern its base-ball association.

—During the holidays an association of college dailies was organized in New York City. The papers represented were the *Brown Daily Herald*, the *Pennsylvanian*, the *U. of M. Daily*, the *Wisconsin Daily Cardinal*, the *Daily Palo Alto*, and the *Harvard Daily News*. The organizers hope to secure the coöperation of other dailies, among them the *Cornell Daily Sun*.



—N. M. Osborne, '93, and E. K. Bishop, ex-'93, have started on a trip through Arizona and New Mexico, for their health.

—H. V. Cooke, '83, has removed from Denver, Col., to St. Louis, Mo. Address, Union Trust Building, St. Louis, Mo.

—E. G. Rust, '94, is the latest addition to the Lehigh colony at Cramp's ship-yards, in Philadelphia.

—Aubrey Weymouth, '94, has obtained a position on the U. S. dry docks, at Port Royal, S. C.

—R. S. Huse, and G. A. Lowe, both ex-'95, are members of the Freshman Class in the Columbia Law School.

—A. E. Philips, '90, has recently been appointed Assistant Engineer in the Sewer Department, Washington, D. C.

—George E. Wendle, '91, is the Chief Engineer of the Lycoming Electric Co., of Williamsport, Pa.,

—George B. Rodney, ex-'96, is with the P. R. R. Engineer Corps at Salix, Cambia, Co., Pa.

—Jacob D. Von Maur, '94, is with the Niagara Power and Development Co., Model City, Niagara Co., N. Y.

—Henry Gerber Reist, '86, Electrical Engineer, in employ of General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

—Richard L. Ogden, A. C., '94, is Instructor in Chemistry at the Medical School of Keokuk, Iowa.

—Edward J. Millar, '92, is City Engineer of Martins Ferry, Ohio.

—Heber Denman, '92, is with the Berwind White Coal Mining Co., of Horatio, Pa.

—B. A. Cunningham, C. E., '87, is now Division Engineer on the L. V. R. R., at Sayre, Pa.

—R. W. Knight, C. E., '94, is employed in the engineering department of the Cataract Construction Co., at Niagara Falls, N. Y.

—R. T. Morrow, '82, has been appointed Assistant Engineer of the Elmira and Canandigua Divisions of the Northern Central Railroad, with headquarters at Elmira, N. Y.



January 2.—Winter Trip of Glee and Banjo Clubs. Concert at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

January 3.—Concert at Scranton, Pa.

January 4.—Concert at Elmira, N. Y.

January 5.—Concert at Buffalo, N. Y.

January 9.—Concert at Williamsport, Pa. Second Term began.

January 18.—Completion of membership of Lehigh University Athletic Committee, as follows: *Faculty Members:* Prof. Wm. H. Chandler, Ph.D.; Ralph M. Wilcox, Ph.B.; C. W. Smith. *Alumni Members:* George Jenkins, '70; George Booth, '86; Rollin H. Wilbur, '85; Garrett B. Linderman, '87. *Undergraduate Members:* Thos. G. Hamilton, '95; N. P. Massey, '95; J. W. Thurston, '96; G. L. Yates, '97; C. H. Becerra, '98. *Auditing Committee:* Archibald Johnston, '89; J. E. Brooks, '95; E. W. Miller, '96; H. R. Van Dyne, '97.

—The dates for the production at Harvard of the French play, *Fourberies de Scapin*, have been changed to the 17th and 19th insts.

—The Directors of the Pennsylvania Athletic Association and the Faculty Athletic Committee have published a denial of the charge of professionalism in their foot-ball team.

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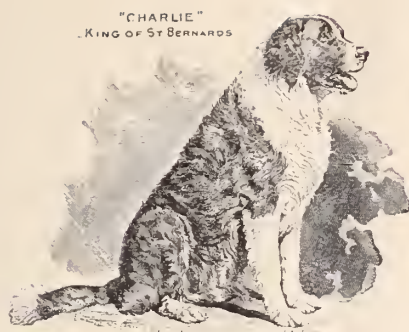
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 I see it's all a sham;
 The height of my ambition now
 Is to pass this next exam.
 —The Tech.

The American University Magazine

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